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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words."

(Concluded from last week.)

Another group of three, fast and cheerful, we have in Nos. 3 and 6, Book IV., and No. 2, Book V. But the cheerfulness is only moderate; there are frequent glimpses of sadness, sometimes even of passion and anger. Altogether they form a trio which one must love to play and to hear as long in life as the fingers are flexible and the ears not struck with deafness.

Again a group of four in the minor mode, wild and stormy, namely, No. 5, Book I.; 4, Book II.; 5, Book III., and 2, Book VI. In the before-named bound edition of Ditson & Co. there is no tempo marked over No. 5, Book III., which must be *molto agitato*. These four songs, owing to the fast tempo as well as to the minor mode, which in general admits of not so fluent a fingering, belong to the most difficult and least grateful in the whole collection. No. 4, Book VI., has a somewhat softer nature than the rest, and more especially than the last mentioned. In No. 5, Book I., the exciting, passionate stream of tones is relieved by a choral-like melody in the relative major key towards the close of the first part, which in the second part reappears in the original minor, where it accordingly effects less contrast.

There are some pieces in this collection, which, from their harmonic structure, seem to be songs originally intended for male chorus. Their manly, vigorous, and lively character reminds us of those "table-songs" which once formed so prominent a feature in the literature of the German male glee clubs. The desire to enhance the pleasures of a well-furnished table by an appropriate song called forth this species of lyric com-

position. The dishes, and especially the liquids, were found to taste better when the sweetest of the muses contributed her part to the enjoyment. Champagne, friend—bring us Champagne; we are merry to dying. Three cheers—hurrah! Now let us have a song:

"Edit, bibite, collegiales,  
Post multa secula  
Pocula nulla."

These pieces are Nos. 4, Book III.; 4, Book V., and 5, Book VII. There is in them not the usual distinction between melody and accompaniment, but, as observed before, the harmonic element is predominant. They are periods composed, not of single tones, but of chords. Each is preceded by a gay prelude, which also serves as a postlude, and which, plainly betraying that it originated on the keyboard, contrasts much with the powerful song. The first and last have the cheerful key of A major in common, and, on the whole, resemble each other as closely as two twin brothers. In the last may be noted the energetic prelude, with trumpet obligato, as it were. The second, in the softer key of G major, is more pleasing than powerful. In this group we might have included the two short songs in the first and second books, known as *Volkslieder* (people's songs), as well as No. 5 in the fourth book, which lately has become famous here by Thalberg's playing. But the structure, which is more melodic, and the expression, which is more earnest, musing, or religious, than that of the former, justify their being classed in a separate group. The two people's songs are in regard to form exactly the same, but differ somewhat in expression, the one in the first book being manly and powerful, the other gentler and sweeter. We confess our preference for the latter, hardly knowing why. The gentle, musing flow of this exquisite little song is twice in succession interrupted by a short but powerful motive of piercing chords, but presently it goes on in its former subdued and tranquil mood. No. 5, Book IV., is far larger and more brilliant than either of these. The vigorous and earnest song is introduced by a prelude, which afterwards several times reappears, and which, with its short, hasty motive, forms a strong contrast to the measured melody of the main body.

Here we have two which also may go hand in hand. The first, No. 3, Book I., fresh and vigorous, like morning air in October, sounds like a hunting piece. Observe how in the beginning the motive for the right hand dashes forth, immediately pursued, as it were, by the horn-sounds, which chase it up to a screaming pitch. But this is only an attempt. Presently the chase begins in all earnest; the excitement increases still more in the second part; towards the close

a shower of sparkling tones begins at once to rustle, through which those horn-sounds are heard, first as if near by, then more and more from the distance, till all has died away, leaving nothing but a single tone—the key-note. This piece will have a large circle of performers, as it is brilliant and graceful, qualities which never fail to attract the player. The other, No. 2, Book II., in B flat minor, is also lively, but by no means gay. Though in the quick 6-16 measure, it fails to excite cheerfulness; the minor mode, to which it is doomed, paralyzing every attempt at that. The transition to the relative major key (13th measure from the beginning) is of deep effect. It is in the spirit of Beethoven's most soulful strains, but by no means a reminiscence of one of them. What a world of wonder and beauty such a melody calls up!

"Sweet tones, are ye dreams  
From the unknown fatherland?"

Towards the end the piece leaves the minor mode altogether, and takes the major of the key. We cannot but confess that this change has never pleased us. The spirit of this part has little affinity with the preceding; it sounds too prosaic, too profane, or we know not what; and hence it is that one feels as if one were roused from a warm, pleasant dream to the cold reality; in short, we could wish the piece had a better close. This is our own opinion; others may think differently.

So far we have spoken of the songs in groups, according as their affinity to each other demanded. A few are still left, which, by their too individual character, admit of no classification, and which we shall, therefore, mention singly.

No. 2, Book III., in C minor, is as beautiful as any in all the seven books. It is so restless and plaintive, but yet so charming, that one hardly knows what to say about it. Let the poet define it:

"Heart, my heart, what is this feeling  
That does weigh on thee so sore?  
What new life art thou revealing,  
That I know myself no more?"

Near the end there is a lively dispute going on between the treble and bass, both insisting on a part of the motive with which the piece begins. The bass, as may be expected from so powerful a medium, carries the day and keeps the last word.

No. 6, Book III., is the well-known "Duet," which, like the no less well-known "Frühlingslied" (Spring-song), No. 6, Book V., is more played in public than any of the rest. Both are brilliant and effective. There is a story told as to the origin of the "Spring-song," which, in the main, runs thus: During Mendelssohn's stay in London an excursion into the country was once

proposed by himself and some of his friends. When they were about to start he met with an accident which obliged him to remain at home, the rest of the company going on their way. To cheer himself, he sat down at the piano-forte; and while he fancied to himself the great pleasure his friends were enjoying in the country on so glorious a Spring day, his hands glided over the key-board and drew forth tones that depicted the images of his fancy. The piece which thus arose he called properly "Spring-Song." And, indeed, it reminds one of the blue sky and the golden sun. An innocent cheerfulness pervades the melody, and the accompaniment, with its continual groups of grace-notes, suggests the green grass, which early in the morning sparkles with innumerable dewdrops, looking like so many diamonds of the purest water. It is no wonder that this piece is so general a favorite.

Finally we will mention three, which, though short, are most exquisite, the character of each peculiar and striking. No. 4, Book IV., begins with a slow and solemn song, after which follows another melody, or, rather, the fragments of it, consisting of piercing diminished seventh and minor chords. The bitter sentiment excited by these chords is the more striking, since they appear all at once, and in a region where the tones are most penetrating, thus forming a strong contrast with the preceding low melody. It sounds as if a shriek of despair suddenly escaped from the oppressed heart. The piece throughout is as suggestive as a tone-picture in so small a frame can be. No. 3, Book V., with its pace-like movement, has the semblance of a funeral march. There is once a slight allusion to the *march funèbre* in Beethoven's Heroic Symphony. In general, however, it is quite original and quaint. No. 3, Book IV., is no less original. The syncopated notes, which, from beginning to end, hop behind the beat of time, give it a singular expression. The close, especially, is surprising and beautiful.

The talented player will find more, far more, in these songs than we could indicate in the slight sketches which we have attempted. There are places in many of them which speak in a wonderful way. But how shall we find words that could render an adequate impression of what the composer has expressed so beautifully in tones? Is there no Tom Moore living who can set words to this music? That were the only, the proper way, to describe it; neither speculation nor analysis will reveal its meaning. You may just as well speculate on the meaning of a beautiful rose, with its sweet perfume, its delicate hues, and its hundred leaves and thorns. If Heaven has endowed you with a poetic mind, play the pieces over and over again, and the meaning of each—that is, the sentiment which the composer breathed out in it—will rise unconsciously before your mind as a dream in a midsummer night. Do not attempt, however, to make display with them; the punishment would immediately follow in the small applause attending your performance, even if you were Thalberg himself. With very few, if any exceptions, the "Songs without Words" are not fit to be carried to concert exhibitions and served up to a large, mixed crowd for money; they are too delicate for that. Alone in his private room, perhaps late in the evening, when the day with its stir and bustle is at peace, the player will best feel the force of this music, and gratefully cherish the memory of the master by whose noble mind it was created.

AD. K.

Translated for this Journal.

**The Sonata.**

(Concluded from page 274.)

After the Sonata had in EMANUEL BACH acquired a definite principle of form, a new epoch could begin,—the fairest, greatest, richest epoch, which the Sonata until now has had,—the epoch of HAYDN, MOZART, BEETHOVEN. To see how HAYDN appears in the principal kinds of instrumental music as a path-breaking, epoch-making genius, one need only be reminded of his Symphonies and Quartets. The Piano-forte Sonata also owes to him an important progress and expansion both in respect to form and matter. If, in the first respect, Emanuel Bach must have the credit of establishing the custom of three movements, Haydn's progress consists in the fact that he repeats the leading theme of the single, or first, movement in the third part of the same; that he first properly settled the second, so-called *working-up*, and the third, so-called *repetition* part, for the Sonata form;—that he established as an unchangeable principle of form, what before him had been merely a caprice of the composer and was not found at all in many of the earlier works;—that then he raised the single, (or first, usually Allegro) movement (which properly constitutes the Sonata form), to a higher and a richer organism; that he reached a higher unity, created a higher, a consistent whole. Closely connected with this progress was that on the side of matter, musical ideas and contents. By the repetition of the leading thought this necessarily gained importance and significance; the more so, since Haydn gave to the leading theme a definite expression in and for itself, and adhered to it throughout the whole course of the movement. In fact a fundamental uniformity of mood and character is firmly and decidedly stamped upon the principal movements of Haydn's Sonatas. It is not the single movement alone, that shows this unity; the collective movements of each Sonata form a unitary whole resting on a definite fundamental mood, and standing in a relation of organic mutual dependence. What is it most like, this unity of character, this predominant and fundamental mood? It is that spirit of naïve, childlike cheerfulness, that cunning play of jest and merriment, that arch and roguish humor, in short all those states of mind which distinguish Haydn's whole artistic nature, and pervade all his instrumental music, especially his Symphonies. Limited as his world in itself may be, compared with the infinite circle of vision that opens before us in Beethoven; little as Haydn's childlike nature may reveal the truly deep soul mysteries, yet in his sphere he shows such manifold inventiveness, such gushing geniality, that to him a place belongs among the first of the great masters of tones; and one who has become wholly absorbed in the gigantic creations of Beethoven, will yet return occasionally to a Sonata of Father Haydn, as if to enjoy once more an artistic image of his own past childhood, and live once more in that first paradise of life.

The faithful follower of Haydn in the field of the Sonata is MOZART.

He developed the Sonata farther in various respects. He also does homage to the principle adapted by Haydn, of placing at the head a definite expressive theme, and making that the groundwork of the single (first) movement. But this did not satisfy him; he wanted something, by

which a greater variety might be reached at the same time with unity of thought and spirit; and this something was the *cantilena-like middle* or *second* leading thought, which Mozart first domesticated in the first movement of the Sonata. Especially he created longer and more tuneful melodic passages, larger and broader periods; introduced, too, a more careful distinction of light and shade, distributed both over larger groups of measures and more ample sections, and thus attained to a distinct separation of the soft and tender from the stronger passages, as well as to a greater clearness and definiteness in form and in connectedness of thought.

As a further characteristic of the Mozart Sonatas, we remark an exceeding *beauty of form*, an admirable symmetry, proportion, regularity, in great and small. These peculiarities, however, are the natural consequence of a perfectly harmonious design, conception. The artistic personality of Mozart reveals throughout and from the very centre the purest harmony of soul and spirit, a tranquil, even balance of the inner life; an inner state, wherein the moral conflicts are silent or form at most the distant background,—all which is admirably shown by Brendel in his history of Music. This original reconciliation (at-one-ment) in Mozart's music allowed him to attain to that grace and loveliness of soul, which forms a further characteristic of his works. So essential is it to him that, even where he yields to earnest passion, he must clothe all in a graceful garb, so that the passion appears muffled, so to speak. For even at times when passion fills him, he shows himself reconciled from the bottom of his soul. It is only the *artist* Mozart that contends; the *man* Mozart has long since conquered and outlived the fight. *In all this Mozart is the opposite of Beethoven.* This peculiarity of his is found fully stamped on his piano-forte Sonatas. Although he may not appear so great in this field as in other departments of instrumental music, —(his real greatness lies by general consent in Opera),—yet he has also given to the world admirable models in the Sonata. His Sonatas in C minor and A minor offer splendid pictures of self-controlled, noble, gracefully moved passion; his Sonata in A major with variations is a revelation of tender loveliness and grace. Also his Sonata in F major, for four hands, is noteworthy.

On the foundation laid by the Sonatas of Haydn and Mozart, BEETHOVEN reared his gigantic Sonata edifice, which we shall now proceed to consider more at length.

[From the New York Musical Review.]

**Schœlcher's Life of Handel.**

(Continued from page 251.)

"All the biographers—English, French, German—agree in stating that he [Handel] was born on the 24th of February, 1684."—Page 26.

This statement is somewhat too sweeping. Eschenburg (1785) gives the following note in his translation of Burney's "Commemoration":

"Dr. Burney, and all biographers of Handel, hitherto, give 1684 as the year of his birth. In Walter's Lexicon [Leipzig, 1732] only do I find 1685 instead, and the 23 of February for the 24th. But from the records of the Lieb-Frauen church in Halle, and from an extract from the same, made for me by the worthy preacher there, Herr Pockels, it appears certain that Handel was born there on the 24 of February, 1685. His father, in that record, bears the title Kammerdiener and Amtschirurgus."

Gerber follows Eschenburg, but, oddly enough,

Marx, in Schilling's Lexicon, returns to 1684. The lesser lights adopt sometimes one, sometimes the other. Thus the mistake, evidently arising from the confusion of Old and New Style, is not made by all the biographers.

"Handel commenced by entering this theatre as violin di ripieno."—Page 35.

The passage from Mattheson, upon which this statement is founded, is not quite correctly translated. The original is, "Anfangs spielte er die andre violine"—that is, second violin; and in his notes to Mainwaring, Mattheson says expressly: "Handel had at first played only the other, or second violin." That Handel was not a great violinist is clear enough, but he was hardly a mere ripienist.

The names Kaiser and Buxthude on the same page, should be Keiser and Buxtehude. The latter was the great organist, whom Bach, a year or two after the adventure mentioned in the text, journeyed on foot from Arnstadt to hear, and was so pleased with, that he remained in Lübeck three months—not to take lessons of, but simply to hear in church!

M. Schöelcher's account of the quarrel between Mattheson and Handel is scarcely satisfactory. The reader can hardly see how the simple refusal by Handel to leave the harpsichord half an hour before the close of an opera, should have so nearly cost him his life. The sketch may be filled up by means of other passages from Mattheson's works.

The composer of an opera, at that time, directed his work from the harpsichord. When, therefore, Mattheson produced his third opera, *Cleopatra*, Oct. 20th, 1704, in which he sang the part of Anthony, it became necessary for him to find a substitute, and he invited his friend Handel to take his place at the clavier. The opera had a run of some weeks, during which, after the death of Anthony half an hour before the curtain fell, he respected the right of the composer and resigned the seat. In the mean time, the British minister, John Wich, had concluded to employ Mattheson as the tutor of his son, Cyril, who entered upon his duties upon the 7th of November, and prepared to give up his connection with the opera—indeed, his last appearance upon the stage was the next spring, in Handel's *Nero*.

Wich's house was one into which Handel had been introduced by Mattheson immediately after his arrival in Hamburg, and after a time he had been employed as Cyril's music-teacher. Mattheson says: "The young Herr von Wich had, it is true, previously had a few unimportant lessons from Handel; they would not, however, succeed, and therefore the tutor took his place, under whom," adds Mattheson, with his usual modesty, "(!) the said gentleman in course of time reached great perfection." We get farther insight into the matter from a passage in Mattheson's sketch of his own life: "This call"—to the tutorship of Cyril Wich—"was the foundation of his (Mattheson's) good fortune, but at the same time one cause of a new misfortune. For previously, a certain man, whose name has already appeared, had half the duties of the office, that is, in so far as music was concerned; its duties, however, he had to some extent neglected. He therefore had cherished a secret ill-will against Mattheson, [for depriving him of his pupil.] which, in the first week of Advent, at the last performance of *Cleopatra* before Christmas, found vent. The above-mentioned virtuoso, who then under Mattheson's direction played the clavier, would not content himself to pay due observance to orders in matters musical; this had, however, when it came to a fight between them, nearly cost him dear." Mattheson's character, as it displays itself in his writings, is such as to lead one to suppose that Handel had cause to feel aggrieved at being supplanted in the house of Wich. At all events, this was doubtless the real cause of the quarrel. The conclusion of the story will bear retranslating.

"No great damage, therefore, was done, and we soon became reconciled again, through the mediation of one of the most distinguished members of the City Council of Hamburg, as well as of the then lessees of the opera, [Keiser and Drusike,] for upon the same day, Dec. 30th, I had the honor of having Handel to dine with me, after

which, in the evening, we both attended the rehearsal of his *Almira*, and were better friends than before. Syrach's words, chapter 22, therefore, met this case: 'Though thou drawest thy sword against thy friend, thou dost not so ill as in railing against him; for ye can well become friends again, if thou dost not avoid him, and talkest with him.'"

Our translation, the reader will perceive, removes a discrepancy which appears in Schöelcher, page 36, in relation to the opera *Almira*. According to him, Handel and Mattheson assisted at a representation of that opera on the 30th Dec., and yet its first representation was on the 8th of January following.

"It [*Almira*] was immediately followed on the 25th of February, by *Nero*; or, *Love obtained by Blood and Murder*, then by *Daphne* and by *Florindo* (in my opinion) in 1706."—Page 37.

We feel very certain that M. Schöelcher's opinion here is erroneous. The confusion of dates in regard to Handel's early life, which has perplexed all writers of his history, seems to be most fully cleared up by the manuscripts of the Italian period, which M. Schöelcher has examined. But though it is thus proved that the young musician had left Hamburg before 1708, it by no means follows that the *Florinda* and *Daphne* were not put upon the stage during that year, as all authorities state.

In 1728, Mattheson published a list of all the operas produced in Hamburg for a period of fifty years. We will extract from it a few items.

Anno 1704, No. 109. *Almira*, music by Herr Capelmeister Handel; poesie by Herr Feustking. Added to it was an epilogue composed by Herr Keiser.

[Thirty years afterward, after New Style was adopted, Mattheson corrected the date to Jan. 8, 1705.]

Anno 1705, No. 110. *Nero*, music by Herr Handel; poesie by Herr Feustking.

[Two new operas by Keiser, fill out the list for the year.]

Anno 1706. Nothing by Handel, but six new operas by other composers, the last of which is recorded thus:

"No. 118. *Almira*, of Keiser's composition, in other respects the same as No. 109."

Anno 1707. *Dido*, by Graupner, and *The Carnival of Venice*, by Keiser.

"Anno 1708, No. 121. *Florindo*, composed by Herr Handel; text by Herr Hinsch.

"No. 121. *Daphne*, by the same authors."

The next mention of Handel is:

"Anno 1715, No. 145. *Rinaldo*, music by Herr Handel; translation by Herr Feind."

Mattheson closes this list thus:

"Anno 1728, No. 217. *The Peasant's Marriage*, [Die Bauern-Hochzeit,] a by-play. This was already performed in 1708, in the opera *Daphne*; but as it was not mentioned in its place there, it may close the troupe here. Herr Cuno, formerly cashier of the bank, wrote the text. This register, such as it is, I myself completed out of my own old notes, and afterward have compared it with the notes of a friend. In most cases we agreed; in a few, were of different minds."

In one of his notes to Mainwaring, in which Mattheson is numbering the errors of a certain passage, he writes thus: "The error, No. 10, relates to Florindo, a man, and not Florinda, a woman. It was also not the second, but the third opera of Handel, which bore the title of *Florindo*, and was produced in 1708, three years after the *Nero*, during which time not only had Keiser composed an entirely new *Almira*, an *Octavia*, a *Lucretia*, a *Fedelta coronata*, a *Masagnello furioso*, a *Sueno*, a *Genio di Holsatia*, and a *Carnival of Venice*; but Schieferdecker had produced his *Justin*, Grünwald his *Germanicus*, and Graupner his *Dido*. In the above-mentioned 1708, Handel brought out also a *Daphne*, which was the fourth of his Hamburg operas, and has been omitted by his eulogist, to the irreparable loss of his idol—because he knew nothing of it." Thus far Mattheson.

\* The reader will see by turning to chapter 22 of Ecclesiasticus, in the Apocrypha, that the English and German versions do not agree.

Marpurg, in his "Historisch-critische Beiträge, (1754-60,) gives a list of German operas and the cities in which they were produced. The list for 1708 begins thus:

Der beglückte *Florindo*, componirt von Handel; die Poesie von Hinschen, Hamburg.

Die verwandelte *Daphne*, von vorigen Verfassern. Hamburg.

This testimony is not to be overthrown. It follows, then, that Handel was still in Hamburg—but the Italian manuscripts disprove this—or that the operas were performed in his absence, having lain waiting for a convenient season. Perhaps the following facts may give us some light.

[To be continued.]

#### From my Diary, No. 14.

NEW YORK, Nov. 14. Hungering and thirsting for some music, I went to the Academy last evening, and heard (for the first time) *Il Trovatore*.

Musical "husks that the swine do eat."

Nov. 16. A noble programme last evening at the same place:

#### PART I.

Overture—Fidelio, Beethoven.....	The Orchestra
"With Verdure Clad"—Creation.....	Miss Milner
Adelaide, by Beethoven.....	Mr. Perrings
Fantastic—Caprice (by request)....Henry Vieuxtemps	
Ah, mon Fils—The Prophet.....	Mme. D'Angri
Rejoice Greatly—Messiah.....	Miss Milner
Mendelssohn's Overture—Meeres-Stille ....Orchestra	

#### PART II.

Grand Symphony (the 7th).....	Beethoven
by the orchestra of Fifty.	

Audience very small in numbers, and after the vocal pieces were over grew beautifully less, so that the Symphony was played to an almost empty house. Miss MILNER's voice is quite full, clear in the upper notes, and pretty powerful. She would be a fine addition to our oratorio force in Boston. Mr. PERRING's voice is decidedly good; but as his "Adelaide" was sung rather tamely in Italian, there was no means of judging how he would do in Oratorio. Being from London, and an Englishman, as I was told, he ought to understand the true English style. If so, why can we not have "Elijah" and the "Messiah," with him, and Miss Milner, and FORMES? I heard FORMES once in "Elijah," and it was sublime! Mme. ANGRI is, to my taste, one of the noblest of singers, and the Ah mon Fils from her is never hackneyed. Think of her as Gluck's Orpheus! I asked one of the "powers that be," "Why not give that opera?" He said, "We should get one crowded house, and nobody at the next performance; and that, you know, would not pay expenses."

Too true, I fear.

ANSCHUTZ is a capital conductor, but the orchestra has not yet got to working with perfect smoothness in such works as the Symphony; but what of that? The Seventh Symphony was there!

Nov. 18. Last evening, *Lucrezia Borgia*.

I have rarely if ever heard the leading parts of this opera better filled, as a whole, than by this company—LAGRANGE, D'ANGRI, BIGNARDI, GASSIER. It is my misfortune, however, to dislike the tremolo style of Lagrange so much, that, while everybody else was in ecstacies, I sat upon thorns, and fervently wished never to hear her open her lips again. But the clear, full, sustained notes of Angri, perhaps, were all the more delicious from contrast.

Those who miss hearing this company miss much. The audience was not large, and the prospect of giving by and by English and German works is not very encouraging. That was in contemplation.

Nov. 21. A specimen of highly cultivated taste, viz., a programme of a sacred concert in one of our country towns, comprising pieces from oratorios, solos, duets, choruses, &c., closing with Handel's "Hallelujah," and opening with a voluntary on the organ, namely:

☞ Overture to "Masaniello"!

NORTHAMPTON, MASS., Nov. 23. A short visit here has been enlivened by the appearance of Dr. MASON, who has lectured upon the subject of "Congregational Singing." It is amusing to note how people from the most diverse points contrive to reach a common centre. DWIGHT, a few years since, advocated the plan of confining the psalmody of our congregational churches to a few plain choral tunes, and was taken roundly to task therefor. On different grounds Dr. Mason advocates now nearly the same thing, and others of us are disposed to do all we can for the movement, as a means of leading, as we think, to something better.

Taking choir singing as it is found in our country in general—indeed, with but very few exceptions—it is a ridiculous failure. It neither inspires nor gives vent to religious or any other emotion, save when it excites disgust or contempt. The objects of music in the church are twofold: 1. fine music to awaken emotion, introduced into the church for the same reason that fine architecture, fine sculpture, and fine paintings are introduced, viz., to make Art the hand-maid of Religion; and, 2, simple psalmody, to enable the congregation to find vent for the emotion—to enable its members to bear a share in the public worship. Quartet singing of psalmody satisfies neither object. We might as well send out and hire a couple of good bands at prayer and exhortation, to attend evening meetings for social worship, and lead off, as to employ three or four persons to do the psalmody.

Dr. Mason, in his lectures, shows conclusively that this part of the public worship belongs to the people, and that its transfer to the gallery is an abuse. He is now laboring untiringly, and with an energy which in a man of his years is remarkable, to bring it down again into the pews. God speed him! But, some one asks, will you abolish choirs? Certainly not; but I would have choirs that are choirs. I would introduce a musical service founded upon those of the cathedrals abroad. I would have motets, anthems, choruses. I would, in short, have the noblest of music in addition to the psalmody of the congregation.

As the matter now stands, we get nothing. Could we once have every voice, old and young, which is able to sound a note in tune, in a large congregation, ready to take part in the psalm, it would be no difficult matter to separate some forty or fifty to lead off the exercises in some simple motet, sentence, or anthem. Practice would lead to better and higher efforts, and at length we might truly hear sacred music.

So long, however, as our congregations divide as soon as they reach a respectable size, and the principle obtains that the true ideal of public worship is to be sought in a snug little church, where it seems "so like a family meeting," so long shall we seek in vain for anything like the "great congregation" of the Scriptures, or a musical service which shall carry out the ideas of David and Solomon, as expressed in the Psalms, and acted upon in the Temple. You cannot have congregational singing where there is no congregation. That is clear.

But if, instead of spending five times \$25,000 in building five small churches almost within a stone's throw of each other, and supporting five clergymen, five organists, and ten or twelve "leading singers," half that money had been expended in erecting one or two noble edifices, with grand organs, we might have the biblical idea of the great congregation, with its sublime music, and all its ennobling and Christianizing influences fully carried out, at least in the large cities.

SCHILLER says of Art: "To one, she is the heavenly goddess; to the other a good cow, which has to provide them with butter."

### Musical Correspondence.

THE OPERA HOUSES OF EUROPE:—No. I. OPERA COMIQUE, PARIS.—"L'ETOILE DU NORD."—MME. CABEL, M. FAURE, &c.

PARIS, NOV 5.—It seems to me, that no one fond of operatic and musical entertainments, can help taking an interest in those famous opera-houses and concert-rooms of Europe, of which we hear so much in America. It is my intention, if possible, to visit most of these—to take a peep at La Scala—at San Carlo—at La Pergola—at La Fenice—and others of the well-known Italian homes of the mythological old lady who represents the lyrical stage—Euterpe, if I am not mistaken. Perhaps some readers of DWIGHT's may feel interested in glancing with me at these nestling-places of operatic genius.

So to begin, let us take a peep at the famous *Opera Comique* at Paris. If you are a person whose purse is not as long as his merits would lead a stranger to suppose, you would during your stay in this gay capital follow the example of "Trovator," and engage a little room *au quartier* of a great tall house in the Quartier Latin, near say Rue Bonaparte, and not very far from the Church of St. Sulpice, and the Palace of the Luxembourg. So you see you will be in quite an aristocratic neighborhood, after all. Having dined luxuriously on 30 sous, obtaining therefor your soup, and your plate of fish, and your two plates of meat, and your bread at discretion, and your *demi-bouteille* of wine, and your dessert, and your addenda of white grapes—having likewise glanced over the *Siecle*, and translated with great pain and labor a very easy sentence, you will walk down the Rue Bonaparte, to the Seine, and crossing over by, say the Pont des Arts—yes, better say the Pont des Arts, for there are only footpassengers crossing there, and you won't get your pants spattered—so crossing over by the Pont des Arts, you will of course come against the Louvre. Then as everybody knows, at turning a little to the left you will pass into the Place Carrousel, and glancing patronizingly at the Palace of the Tuilleries,—as you would at an old acquaintance, whom you met every day—you will cross Rue de Rivoli, and follow up Rue de Richelieu till you come to the Boulevards Italiens.

You will stand a little while on the corner to reconnoitre, and then turning to your left, a few steps bring you to Rue Favart in which is the *Opera Comique*. Supposing you do not patronize the expensive part of the house, you will then join a great string of people who are marshalled along the sidewalk waiting for the doors to open. The people are all and singular talking away as fast as they possibly can to each other, while a few police officers, with cocked hats and swords, walk slowly up and down, each one looking exactly like the pictures of Louis Napoleon—and indeed it is a peculiarity of the French police that every individual member bears such a striking resemblance to the Nephew of his Uncle, that you wonder how the people can forbear crying out *Vive l'Empereur*.

You wait here three quarters of an hour, the crowd constantly augmenting, and while away the time by listening to a vociferous discussion upon the relative merits of certain opera singers, and perhaps venture a careful question in French to a silent neighbor, who politely answers, and makes some further casual remark. Delighted to find

you understand him, you respond; whereat he commences quite a lengthy harangue, the sense of which you lose at the fourth word. Unwilling, however, to betray your ignorance, you look wise, say "Oui" occasionally, with an air of deliberate assent, until his glance of surprise tells you that you have put a "Oui" somewhere in the wrong place; whereupon you become covered with confusion as with a garment, and relapse into silence. Your companion speaks no more.

Then a man wants you to buy *Figaro*, and a woman wants you to buy some pears, and the Louis Napoleon police officer tells you to move on a little further. The crowd condenses, and you murmur out a *pardon* to a lady for sticking your elbow into her face. Then there is a movement ahead, and the doors of the *Opera Comique* are opened.

Being an economical person, and having suffered severely by the late monetary panic, you decide to go up to the amphitheatre for a franc, instead of the parterre or parquet for two francs and a half, or even the second gallery for two francs. As to the stalls, with their eight and ten francs, they are out of the question for a *pauvre diable* from the Quartier Latin.

So you buy your amphitheatre ticket for a franc at the same counter where they sell all the other tickets (for they do not have different entrances to the different portions of the house, as with us), and pass on with the crowd, up a flight of stairs to a lobby, where a man sits and receives the tickets. He gives you a blue bit of pasteboard in exchange; though *cui bono*, is more than I can tell; for you give up your last ticket to no one, and I have mine before me now. The inscription thereon is susceptible of a varied meaning. Here it is:

Theatre de l'Opera Comique.

É C H A N G E .

A M P H I T H É A T R E .

13

C

The printed words are all plain enough, but 13 C is certainly a poser. My private theory is that 13 signifies the number of long staircases you have to climb up to get to the amphitheatre. As to the C, it is, I confess, to me an alphabetical sphinx. I give it up. I cannot C through it.

On each floor there are females who direct Monsieur which way to go, and are as polite to you as if you had a private proscenium box, instead of merely a vague chance of getting a seat on a bare bench in the cheapest part of the house. Thus the amphitheatre enter at the same door with the frequenters of boxes, and pass through the same lobbies, the "gods" mingling with men in the most fraternal harmony. If any one be too poor to go elsewhere than to the amphitheatre, and too snobbish to let it be known, no one need know what part of the house he frequents, for he goes in and comes out at the same door with the more aristocratic opera goers.

The amphitheatre is limited in size, and a view of the stage is quite blocked out by the enormous crystal chandelier, which, depending from the ceiling, forms, with its innumerable jets of gas, the only means of illumination the auditorium possesses. The interior of the *Opéra Comique* is in the horse-shoe form, and the house, though spacious, is not as large in area as the Boston

Theatre, but is higher from the floor to the ceiling. The lower floor, or parterre, corresponding to our parquette, is provided partially with chairs and partially with benches. The first tier has two front rows of chairs, the remainder being used as boxes. The second, receding, and leaving part of the lower tier exposed, is occupied exclusively by boxes, while in the third the arrangement of seats is similar to that in the first, and in the fourth to that in the second. The fifth and highest tier is the amphitheatre, and presents a series of low semicircular openings between the pillars that support the roof. The lower tiers are supported by brackets, the use of columns being thereby avoided; and were it not for the chandelier, a good view of the stage could be obtained from all parts of the house.

The ceiling is elaborately frescoed, though it now presents a rather dingy appearance, and the names of several eminent composers—among which I could from my position only discern those of Gluck, Paisiello, and Grétry—are painted in different places. The proscenium is rectangular in shape, not presenting the usual arching curve overhead, as in most theatres, and is quite plain. The curtain represents a mass of looped-up drapery, with a perspective of landscape in the distance. The prevailing color of the decorations appears to be green, and there is, of course, a profusion of gilding; yet the famous Opéra Comique does not equal in size or splendor those magnificent temples of harmony, the opera houses of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston.

The opera, the evening I attended, was Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord*, with MARIE CABEL, as Caterine; M. FAURE, as Pierre; JOURDON, as Danilowitz, and Mme. BELART, as Prascovie. The dialogue was spoken, of course, in French, and the opera was only tolerably given, calling forth little applause except from the claqueurs—indeed, a colder audience I have rarely seen. Mme. Cabel is a little woman, with a little, flute-like voice, admirably cultivated, always true in intonation, but without the slightest atom of expression or feeling. She can never be a great singer, for she can never arouse a sympathy in her hearers, from the simple reason that she has no genius in herself to evoke such sympathy. You can only feel a cold admiration at her calm, pure vocalization. How different from Lagrange was her rendition of the rôle of Caterine! How vastly inferior! The one all feeling and passion—the other all studied care and propriety!

The baritone, M. Faure, is really an excellent singer and a true artist. In an introduced air in the third act he exhibited the exquisite cultivation of his voice, while in the general requirements of the rôle he manifested considerable histrionic ability, especially in the tent scene, where Pierre recovers from his fit of drunkenness. The other characters call for no comment.

On the whole, the opera has been given in New York in a style vastly superior to this. The orchestra here is very strong, but the choruses quite weak, and the solo performers—Cabel, Belart, and Jourdon—are far below Lagrange, Bertuccia, and Brignoli, who introduced this opera to an American public. The scenery here presents nothing peculiar, unless I except the effect produced in the tent scene by the very simple means of placing some crimson muslin before the footlights, so as to imitate the reflection of the crimson drapery of the tent. The footlights are pro-

vided with similar screens of different colors; and, judiciously used, they produce an excellent effect.

One feature of the Opéra Comique which you do not see in America is the *claqueurs*—the famous Parisian claqueurs. They are here in all their glory, and occupy fully one half of the parquette, under and a little to the rear of the great chandelier. They clap hands in unison, though I could not discern any preconcerted signal. But such dead, cold, flabby applause you never heard. The artists do not acknowledge it at all, and the audience only look at each other and smile. The claqueurs themselves seem to feel that it is a sort of farce, though I must do them the credit of saying that they do not break out into the middle of a half-finished cadenza. They are staunch old opera goers, and know when to make a noise and when to be silent. But noisy or quiet, they all acted like automata, and like people who felt they had a duty to perform, and would perform it—it would sit out the opera, or perish in the attempt; and this reminds me of a good and reliable operatic anecdote, of the authenticity of which I would give the word of a Troubadour. But no—not now. Having written so much already, I will save my anecdote for the next communication of

TROVATOR.

CINCINNATI, OHIO. NOV. 28.—Our two musical Societies, the "Philharmonic" and the "Cecilia," have both of them given their first concerts of the season, and promise, in spite of the hard times, to treat the public to a great deal of good music this winter. Mr. BARUS is leader of the Philharmonic orchestra, and Mr. RITTER conducts the Cecilia chorus. Both of them are very thorough musicians, and bestow all their energies upon the advancement and success of their respective societies. The Cecilia, at their concert this week, gave us the beautiful *Ave verum corpus* by Mozart, two charming choruses by Schumann; "Gipsy Life," and Chorus of the Houris, from "Paradise and the Peri," and a very characteristic chorus by Beethoven: *Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt*. Our Philharmonic (like the similar societies in Leipzig, and in Brooklyn, N. Y., as I see by your Journal) has commenced the season with the "Heroic Symphony." Your readers here are surprised at the lack of energy in Boston in getting up orchestral concerts. It seems very strange to outsiders that old Boston should not have a permanent orchestral society.

X.

PITTSFIELD, MASS., NOV. 28.—Our little village was highly favored last evening with a concert by the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB of your city, assisted by Mrs. E. A. WENTWORTH, also from Boston. We could offer no pecuniary inducement to these artists for wandering so far from their usual course at this dreary season; but an old acquaintance with Mr. E. B. OLIVER, of the Mendelssohn Musical Institute, was a motive which led them to respond to his wishes that we might hear some of the genuine music upon which you are feasted every winter. Our little hall was well filled with an audience, which, if all did not appreciate the music performed, had the good sense to refrain from preventing the enjoyment of others by whispering, &c., which, I regret to say, is too often indulged in here as elsewhere. Although several of the pieces were of a highly classical order, they were all listened to with apparent enjoyment and frequent applause. Among the best of the evening, were an Adagio from Mendelssohn's Second Quintet, in B flat; also an Adagio from one of

Beethoven's symphonies; Larghetto, Tema, &c., from Clarinet Quintet by Mozart; and one which afforded not by any means the least enjoyment was a Fantasy for Clarinet, on an original theme, by Mr. RYAN, one of the accomplished members of the Club. Mrs. Wentworth charmed her audience by her simplicity of manner, purity and sweetness of voice, especially in its higher tones. For us, who so seldom have a concert that we can enjoy, last evening must be reckoned as a bright spot in our existence, and we hope the taste of all who listened may be so elevated and refined, even by this morsel of the beautiful, that henceforth all negro melodies, jigs, "Pop goes the weasel," &c., may be banished from social and domestic performances. If sonatas, songs without words, and such beautiful compositions, could take the place of such trash, of the polkas and opera music now found upon most pianos, whose owners, alas! imagine themselves musicians, how different would be the influence of music in society, and upon the young, who now only listen when it calls to the dance. But we must take courage, and keep the Quintette Club busy every evening in our country towns and villages as much as possible, for if the people will hear with admiration and eagerness such music as they give, it is certainly a sign of better times coming.

ANDANTE.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 5, 1857.

Handel's "Israel in Egypt."

IV.

Passing over two elaborate songs: (No. 23) *The enemy said, I will pursue*, and (No. 24) *Thou didst blow with the wind*, in which the words *pursue* and *blow* furnish a key respectively to the musical treatment;—passing, also, the double chorus, *The earth swallowed them*, and the duet, *Thou in thy mercy hast led forth thy people* (30—32), we come to one of the most sublimely descriptive choruses (No. 33), *The people shall hear, and be afraid*. The agitated movement of the accompaniment, modulating wildly from E minor, gives the shuddering image of fear, which is kept up in the breathless, fragmentary utterance of the voices. *The inhabitants of Canaan*, is pronounced firmly by all the voices; but, *shall melt away*, is given in little vanishing fragments of melody by one voice-part at a time. These are long kept up, and imitated from voice to voice. *By the greatness of thy arm, is given in long notes of solid harmony; *they shall be as still as a stone*, sing the basses in heavy unison, suddenly dropping down an octave; and as they lie there motionless and cold, the *passing over of the Lord's people*, group after group, begins, in little travelling phrases of melody, or short scale passages, now in the major and now in the minor, ascending all the time in some two or more of the voice-parts.*

This is followed by a delicious, serene melody for a mezzo-soprano or contralto voice, in the warm, spring-like, happy key of E: *Thou shalt bring them in, and plant them in the mountain of thine inheritance, in the place, O Lord, which thou hast made for thee to dwell in, in the sanctuary, O Lord, which thy hands have established*. It breathes the grateful repose of a sweet and pious home feeling.

We have now reached the sublime close of the whole. Handel's strength has been steadily growing towards this climax. It consists of several

numbers. First, the sentence of plain and majestic double chorus: **THE LORD SHALL REIGN FOR EVER AND EVER.** The words are first given in unison by altos and tenors, accompanied by the stately, ponderous tread of a ground bass; then they are answered, in a full blaze of vocal harmony and instrumentation, twice. This is, as it should be, in the key of C. Then a brief recitative (No. 36): *For the horse of Pharaoh went in with his chariots, . . . . but the children of Israel went on dry land, &c.*: and then, again, the choral burthen of: **THE LORD SHALL REIGN**, which represents the highest moment of a universal act of worship, all thoughts, all feelings absorbed in the thought of the Eternal. Then another sentence of recitative (38), telling how *Miriam, the prophetess, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances; and Miriam answered them.*

Finally, as if to raise expectation to the highest pitch, a single high soprano voice, with clear, silvery, clarion tones, delivers the first line of the great double chorus, *Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously!* reaching the highest note, which it prolongs, bright and firm and clear, on the first syllable of *gloriously*. And again bursts out in full chorus: **THE LORD SHALL REIGN FOR EVER AND EVER.** The clarion voice of Miriam continues: *The horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea, with a triumphant trill upon the note above the key-note, which terminates the strain; and still again the choral outburst of: THE LORD SHALL REIGN!* after which the altos give out the fugue-subject, *For he hath triumphed gloriously;* its long, rolling cadence upon *gloriously* is thenceforth heard echoing about from one quarter to another of the vocal heavens, throughout the whole chorus; and, mingled with it, you hear short, spasmodic fragments:—"the horse," "and his rider," "hath he thrown," &c.; also, "a sober, chanting kind of countersubject" (as Dr. Burney calls it) on the words, *I will sing unto the Lord, swells and subsides continually amid the roar and tempest of triumphal harmony.* Once this gently-swelling, joyfully-solemn chant becomes the leading theme, and draws responses from all parts of the choir,—a pure heaven of serenest rapture, just before all the subjects are again brought together for a full and final close in the perfect accord of C. This is essentially a repetition of the opening chorus of the Second Part, and is by many esteemed Handel's greatest chorus. "The effects of this composition," says Dr. Burney, "are at once pleasing, grand, and sublime. Voices and instruments here have their full effect; and such is the excellence of this production, that, if Handel had composed no other piece, this alone would have rendered his name immortal among true lovers and judges of harmony."

As a whole, "*Israel in Egypt*" is one of giant Handel's mightiest works. We shall not say, in every sense, *the* mightiest. For colossal proportions, laid out as it is upon an immense scale; for bold conceptions, even exceeding the boldest of Michael Angelo in another art; for most triumphant execution; for power to keep the mind of the hearer strained up to its fullest comprehension of the sublime throughout so long a journey; for musical learning and invention, and strong application of creative will, this oratorio is perhaps unrivalled by any other work of music, or of any other art that will admit comparison.

But we cannot agree for a moment with those who call it greater than "*The Messiah*." The books of Moses are sublime; but who will say that Isaiah and the Gospels are not greater? "*The Messiah*" is as much a greater oratorio, as its theme is greater. It is the difference between Judaic and Christian; between the old dispensation of Power, and the new dispensation of Love; between the Old Bible love of Justice, and the New Testament justice of Love. The sublimity of "*Israel in Egypt*" is more material; that of "*The Messiah*" is more spiritual. One brings mighty miracles, as it were, palpably before us; the other utters the prophetic aspirations of the soul of all Humanity, and their fulfilment in Humanity's **MESSIAH**. This last, then, was the true predestined theme for Handel, for the culminating effort of his genius, up to which all his other oratorios, as well as his forty operas, and all before that, had been so deeply and broadly educating him. Necessarily, therefore, besides "*Hallelujah*" choruses, that theme required deep songs of love and grief and faith. "*The Messiah*" has more variety, and, as a work of Art, as well as sentiment, more unity. It is a wonderful, organic whole, vitally connected everywhere. "*Israel in Egypt*" is grand in detail; a succession of astounding pictures or events, wonderful, because the strength of the composer flags not to the end, but seems ready to begin again and build as many more such choruses as you will find him texts. In "*Israel in Egypt*" Handel is a mighty miracle-worker, a colossal strong man; in the "*Messiah*," he is the loving, deep interpreter of the best instincts and aspirations of the human soul,—a prophet of Humanity made one with Man, with Nature, and with God.

#### Liszt in Weimar.

The great pianist of ten or twenty years ago has now given up playing in public, and dedicates his life to composing grand works for the orchestra, and to bringing out new compositions of contemporary musical artists. His career has been a most wonderful one. For fifteen or twenty years he has gone through all the stages of an eccentric virtuoso, who is adored by the musical world, and receives all imaginable ovations from the princes, the aristocracy, and the people. During the same period he has composed a vast deal for the piano, but only his arrangements have won him reputation. Original creative power, to any extent, was denied to him. Ten years ago, when about thirty-five years of age, Liszt gave up the strolling life of a virtuoso, who at intervals had been heard in Paris, St. Petersburg, Vienna, Berlin, and all the smaller cities on the continent, and settled in the quiet little town of Weimar, the residence of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, the great literary centre of the Goethe and Schiller time, situated in the heart of the beautiful Thuringia. There he reigns supreme, a musical king in the midst of students, who flock to him, and visited almost daily by musicians, composers, artists, and poets from all parts of the world. He is on as intimate terms with the present Duke as Goethe was with the latter's grandfather, the celebrated Carl August, and has all the musical forces of Weimar at his command. Liszt is, as Ferd. Hiller, says, the great man "*à la cour et à la ville*." His influence is probably greater than that of any other musician now living.

During the first years of his residence in Weimar, Liszt took upon himself the Herculean task of introducing the composer of the operas *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, the great innovator and reformer, RICHARD WAGNER, to musical Germany. Wagner himself, as chapel-master to the King of Saxony in Dresden, had failed in the production of his *Tannhäuser*, but Liszt succeeded beyond all measure. After five years, this same *Tannhäuser* was one of the most popular operas in Germany, and at present Wagner's reputation as a remarkable genius is scarcely disputed by those who attack many of his innovations. Liszt at the same time won himself a considerable name as a conductor and a most subtle musical critic.

For five years past, or more, Liszt has given himself up principally to composing for the Orchestra, and has proved a most astonishingly fertile writer. Up to this time he has composed about a dozen of so-called "Symphonic Poems," each of which is at least as long as the later symphonies of Beethoven, besides several masses, he being a Catholic, and a number of smaller compositions. His labors are on a gigantic scale.

As a composer, Liszt, like Wagner, takes the position of an innovator. As yet, he is praised principally by his immediate party, but evidently his reputation is fast gaining ground amongst the public at large. His last productions, the "*Faust Symphony*" and "*The Ideals*," after Schiller, which were performed first in September at the Goethe and Schiller festivities in Weimar, where the writer was present, have made a considerable impression. Most musical judges in Germany seem to admit that Liszt shows a great deal more creative power in his orchestral than in his former piano compositions, and his manner of treating the orchestra seems pretty generally to be looked upon as wonderful.

Liszt is a conglomeration of different nationalities: Hungarian by birth, French by education, and German in spirit. However opinions about him may differ in detail, he must be admitted to be one of the most marked individualities of the present age.

#### Musical Chit-Chat.

The letter from our New York correspondent in last week's paper speaks of a "stale performance" of the *Trovatore*; it should have been "star performance." A trick of the types, quite natural considering their great familiarity with the name *Trovatore*. . . . We are to have our first feast of classical Quartets and Quintets next Tuesday evening from the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, who offer a rich programme (see announcement). The vocalist of the evening will be Mrs. HARWOOD, who has a splendid soprano voice, which she has been cultivating very assiduously under the instructions of Mme. ARNOULT, and who made quite a sensation in a concert of the Club last week at Jamaica Plain. The Quintette Club have lately given some very successful concerts in the Western part of the State, at Greenfield, Northampton, Pittsfield, &c., assisted by Mrs. E. A. WENTWORTH. . . . The "ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB" are practising the choruses which Mendelssohn composed to the "*Oedipus*" of Sophocles, and will produce one or more of them at their next concert, on the 19th. The Orpheus also have it in contemplation to give a concert for the poor. . . . The performance of the "*Messiah*," the Saturday after Christmas, by the HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY, will be for the benefit of the poor, and the proceeds of the concert will be added for that purpose to the funds of the Boston Provident Association.

Have we a Mus. Doc. among us? The Pennsylvania legislature, determined that there shall be plenty of them, have passed an act authorizing the Sacred Harmonic Society of Philadelphia to confer degrees of Bachelor and Doctor of Music; which authority they have at once proceeded to exercise (*auctoritate eis commissâ*), by creating three musical doctors, viz. Messrs. L. MEIGNEN, W. H. W. DARLEY, and ADOLPH HOHNSTOCK, all of Philadelphia. These gentlemen will officiate as professors in a course of thorough musical education to be organized under the auspices of the Society, which expects to turn out an annual crop of musical Baccalaureates. What if New York, Massachusetts, all the States, should follow the example, in order not to be behind their sister? The whole land would swarm with musical Doctors, as it does now with "Professors." But at all events, it is good to see a State as a State formally recognizing Music as an essential branch of a Republican education.

The Newport (R. I.) Musical Institute gave a concert on the evening of their anniversary, Nov. 20, for the benefit of the poor. Mr. EBEN TOURJER conducted, and an address was delivered by Col. CHAS. C. VAN ZANDT. A correspondent speaks in high terms of the performance of the *Quoniam* and *Dona Nobis* from Mozart's 12th Mass. as also lighter choruses, and a variety of English glees, quartets, songs, &c., which gave great pleasure to well-filled house.... Mr. JOHN W. TUFTS, long time organist and teacher at Bangor, Me., has removed to Portland; and the latter city has gained one of the most earnest, well-informed, accomplished of our native musicians,—one truly high-toned and classical in his tastes.... PARODI, whom the newspapers certainly consigned to Europe by one of the steamers a few weeks since, has turned up again in Philadelphia this last week, where she has sung in one or more concerts with VIEUXTEMPS, Rocco, Miss MILNER, and Mr. PARKING.—The Germania Orchestra, now giving Afternoon Concerts there, under the direction of CARL SENTZ, numbers twenty-five performers, of whom, says our informant, "some have talent, while the majority are second or third rate. There are four 1st violins, two of which by their rough and harsh playing offend the ear, while the others would do credit to any orchestra. The second violins (two in number) seem to struggle through their parts with difficulty; which, with the very feeble Tenors, very effectually mars the strength and finish of the stringed instruments together. The Horn Player Mr. Rudolphsen, who is probably known to the Boston public does his part in his usual felicitous style—as for the rest of the Brass they manage to make noise enough to nearly drown the strings." They have performed movements from Beethoven's 5th and 8th Symphonies; overtures by Mendelsohn, Flotow, &c.; Polkas, waltzes, &c., &c.... A letter from Havana (Nov. 17) in the New Orleans *Picayune* states:

All the principal artists of Maretzki's troupe have made their debut before the Havana public, in the two operas of *Lucrezia Borgia*, and *Il Barbiere di Sevilla*, and have been received with every mark of satisfaction. It is needless to say anything of RONCONI, whose personation of the Figaro far surpasses any thing we have ever yet had in the Tacon. Miss PHILLIPS sang the part of Rosina with a great deal of taste, and, considering her short experience, her movements throughout the whole opera were very much admired. She is quite a favorite among the Habaneros, who greeted her with an abundance of bouquets. The theatre was crowded to an excess on each night, and no company that has ever yet visited Havana, has been, so far, so eminently successful. Seats in the parquette were selling among the outsiders for more than three times their cost, as none were to be had at the office twenty-four hours before.

Herr FORMES made his debut at the New York Academy last Monday night. The crowd was excessive, owing to the double attraction of the great German basso, and so rare an opera as *Robert le Diable*, of which the *mise en scène* on this occasion

was complete and splendid. Herr Formes had a cold, but everybody seems to have been delighted with him and the whole performance. The same opera was repeated Wednesday and Friday evenings. The cast, if we except Herr Formes, is not so much better than that of six years ago, when it was brought out at the Astor Place house. Compare the two:

Dec. 1857.	Dec. 1851.
ALICE .... Mme. De La Grange.	Mme. Steffanone.
ISABELLA .... Miss Carroli.	Mme. Bosio.
ROBERT .... Pignard.	Bettini.
RAIMBAUD .... Loboceta.	Vietti.
BERTHAN .... Fortes.	Marini.
PROGRESS .... Miss Rolla.	Mme. Celeste.

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